

PS  
3513  
R 568 F7  
1912

*From  
Birds  
of  
Passage*

Mollie R. Gregory



Class PS 3513

Book 1568 F7

Copyright No. 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





# FROM BIRDS OF PASSAGE

*MOLLIE R. GREGORY*



3  
3 3  
3 3 3

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS  
114-116 E. 28th Street  
New York  
1912

PS 3513  
N 568 F7  
1912

COPYRIGHT, 1912,  
By MOLLIE R. GREGORY.

c c c  
c c c  
c c c

\$1.50 -

© CLA 330518

2601

## FOREWORD

*Every work—whether it be great or small, so long as it be worthy of the name—contains deep within its heart an inspiration which either springs from one's own conception of truth, purity, goodness—or else is dropped within the garden of one's soul, as a seed, cast by those birds of passage whose flight brings them within range of our lives—our fellowmen. To those “birds of passage” that have borne such seeds, this little book is affectionately dedicated.*

M. R. G.



## CONTENTS

Shrines: An Analogy .....	7
Ideals .....	12
The First Symphony .....	13
Sonnet—Whispering Pines .....	17
Dawn .....	17
To "The Mayflower," 1620 .....	18
Goodnight, Sweetheart .....	19
A Pot of Gold .....	20
A String of Pearls .....	23
The Sea of Dreams .....	26
May .....	27
The Secret of the Breeze .....	28
Sunset Along the Coast .....	29
If .....	32
Just Thee .....	33
Sonnet—To Arthur Pryor .....	33
Ballade Egyptian .....	34
Cupid's Revenge .....	36
To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow .....	36
Sonnet—To Friendship .....	37
When Fields Are Green .....	38
Life .....	39
A Valentine .....	42
To a Butterfly .....	42
First Love .....	43
A Wish .....	44
Sonnet—The Statue of Liberty .....	45
A Summer Idyl .....	46
To Marguerite .....	48
The Advent of Spring .....	49
Twilight .....	51
A Toast: The Knight of Modern Days .....	53
Sonnet—To a Bird of Passage .....	56
April—Her Moods .....	57
A Dream .....	58
Class Song .....	65
Reveries .....	67



## FROM BIRDS OF PASSAGE



### Shrines: An Analogy

**T**HREE is a sunny land across the sea—  
A land where deep-hued skies of azure blue  
Bend o'er the fertile plains with fond caress,  
And, smiling, send the sunniest of smiles  
Into the hearts of those that dwell beneath,  
In Italy, the land of song and smiles.

The pilgrim traveler in this sunny realm  
Finds near the coast fair cities, which the sea  
Woos with the music of its murmuring—  
A serenade which ne'er can lose its charm.  
Then, toward the country's heart, the wand'rer finds  
Fair rolling plains and beauteous groves and hills,  
Clad in the verdure of the southern clime.  
The north invites the pilgrim's footsteps. There,  
He finds the country wilder. Rugged hills,  
With higher summits than their southern friends,  
Now lift their heads on high. The zephyrs soft  
That wafted perfumes of the southern land,  
Have here become more sharp. At last, a height  
He spies with snow-capped crown. The winds are now  
Chill blasts with icy breath. No summer sun  
Sends sunny smiles into his heart, for he  
Is in the Alps, where Winter holds his sway.

Still further does he penetrate the land—  
Still wilder grows the scene, and far behind  
Are hut and dwelling left, and all the signs  
That speak communion with humanity.  
Naught but a snow-swept path beneath his feet—  
Naught but a sky, dull gray, above his head—  
Naught but the stinging chill of loneliness  
Within his heart. The desolation gray  
Reflects the desolation of his mind,  
Until his very soul—but what was that ?  
A gleam of light that pierced the sullen gloom ?  
Some ignis fatuus that comes to mock  
And lead him onward in a hopeless quest ?  
Rather, 'tis some delusion of the mind  
That makes it seem—and yet, 'tis there again,  
Faint and afar, but certainly a light !  
Toward it, his weary footsteps take their way.  
A blinding drift of snow now casts a veil  
Across his sight, and hides the light from view ;  
But when the sullen fury of the wind  
Has died away, a moment's calm allows  
His gaze to seek the light—yes—there it is—  
Now nearer grown, and burning steadily !  
Nearer he draws—yet nearer still. His mind,  
Which but a moment since, was numbed and chilled  
And listless with the desolation cold,  
Is now alert with active interest keen.  
Now, but a rod away—now less—his hand  
Now meets a substance firm and solid—now  
He flings away the quickly gath'ring snow

That blinds his sight, and gazes, rapt, intent,  
In wonder at the unexpected sight  
Which meets his startled gaze, for here he sees  
A wayside shrine, enclosed in cov'ring rude,  
Such as are often found along the way  
Where peasants travel back and forth, intent  
Upon their daily tasks, yet ne'er forget  
To sign the cross and say a hurried prayer  
That links the humblest task with thoughts of heaven.  
But here—among the Alps ! Most strange of all,  
Before the rude-carved figures of the Child  
And Virgin Mother, burns a taper bright,  
Whose gleam has drawn his wearied steps aside,  
And fired his jaded soul with courage new.  
Upon his knees he falls. 'Tis not alone  
The holy symbols that inspire his awe—  
'Tis not alone the signing of the cross—  
'Tis not alone the murmured prayer that springs  
Instinctive to his lips—combined with these,  
Has come the knowledge that some human hand—  
And not long since—has placed the taper there—  
Perhaps some pious monk of St. Bernard,  
Whose lonely life has taught him sympathy  
For other souls, as lonely as his own.  
The certain knowledge that not far away  
There is some being who has had a thought  
Of lonely wand'lers in this Alpine wild—  
The very thought brings peace ! His onward way  
Now seems less hard—the wind, less chill—the storm  
Attacks with lessened fierceness—all because

A tiny candle's gleam has pierced the gloom  
And desolation of an Alpine storm,  
And drawn a pilgrim's steps before a shrine !

Shine on, O little candle, through the vast  
And pathless stretches of the Alpine waste—  
Send forth thy tiny gleam afar, and draw  
Within the circle of thy cheering ray  
The footsteps of the wand'rer to the shrine  
Where, for a moment, he finds rest and peace !

Thus are our minds—not always gardens trim,  
Neat, and well-ordered, swept by breezes calm—  
But sometimes rough and rugged as the height  
The traveler reaches in the Alpine climes—  
Sometimes—alas ! too often—torn by storms.

When Thought, the gray-cowled pilgrim of the soul,  
Wanders forlornly through a troubled mind,  
Chilled by the sting of bleak misfortune's storm—  
Perhaps, it sees behind it, but a past  
Of vain regrets and hopes unsatisfied—  
Perhaps, it sees a present, dark and drear,  
Perhaps, a future, hopeless in its stretch  
Of weary years that onward lead to—what ?  
Then, through the storm of life, appears a light—  
The candle, Memory—which throws its gleam  
Upon the shrine of Recollection, where,  
Safely protected from the wind of fate,  
There lies some image fair which Thought holds dear.

Perhaps, the shrine may hold some pictured face,  
Which, in the long ago of years gone by,  
Has sent a kindly smile to us. Perhaps,  
Some strain of melody may lie enclosed,  
Which, in the far past, opened to our ears  
A sound of heaven's music. Or, perhaps,  
The shrine of Recollection holds a deed,  
Which once has warmed our hearts with fervent glow.  
But face, or strain, or deed, the shrine is there,  
Beside the traveled or untraveled roads  
That wind like labyrinths throughout the mind.  
And tired Thought may often pause before  
These images at which the candle burns,  
And find consoling peace which lies too deep  
For pencil to portray or pen describe.

Shine on, O Memory ! Send thy cheering ray  
Through weary stretches of the vague unrest  
That fills a troubled soul ; and to the shrine  
That holds some image of a happy past,  
Lead Thought, the pilgrim wand'rer of the mind,  
Where, for a moment, it may find relief  
From storm of life and wind of fate, until,  
Refreshed and rested, it gains hope and strength—  
Better equipped to meet what life may bring,  
Better resolved to trust to hope and faith,  
Better content to find, where'er it can,  
A respite from the tumult of the soul  
At Recollection's shrine, to which thy gleam,  
O light of Memory, will point the way !

## Ideals

**T**HROUGH life, the loftiest aims bring highest ends—

Yet hope, in its fulfilment, seldom gains  
The height of its ideals. Ambition sends  
Ideals to summits naught but dreams attains.

Without its ideals, life would be a night  
Without its stars—a day without its sun—  
A world, bereft of music and of light—  
A summer, blighted ere 'twas scarce begun.

All things are possible to him whose dreams  
Reach heights impossible! Although his goal,  
Shining afar, he ne'er may reach, its beams  
Pour glorious radiance throughout his soul.

Earth's highest inspiration ever glows  
In hearts whose visions are of heights afar—  
Earth's mightiest deeds are ever done by those  
Who "hitch their wagons to a lofty star"!

## The First Symphony

**V**AST, boundless space—indefinite extent,  
Without beginning and without an end—  
Darkness impenetrable—shadows deep—  
And deeper silence, brooding over all.

Then, from beyond the veil of darkness, spoke  
A Voice from far away—“*Let there be light*”—  
And slowly, stretching through the sombre gloom,  
The slender, rosy finger of a dawn  
Crept on the scene, and growing bolder, cast  
A radiance o'er creation; and the light  
Fell on a mighty, slowly rolling ball  
That on the orbit of its heavenly way  
Revolved throughout the endless realms of space.  
Upon this massive sphere, the first great dawn  
Came with its mystery of wondrous light;  
And with the light, there came unto the world  
Rich, glorious color—green, that touched the hills  
And rolling plains—the deep blue of the sea—  
The brown and yellow of a field of grain—  
The purple of the iris, and the red  
That glows like fire within the rose's heart—  
The rainbow tints within a drop of dew—  
And, in the distance, blue—the heaven's own blue,  
That far extended where the night had been.

Yet, something still was lacking to complete  
The grandeur of a world more beauteous  
Than any soul but One had ever dreamed—  
Than any mind but One had ever planned—  
Than any hand but One could ever form—  
For, o'er this great work of a Master Hand,  
Unbroken silence lay. Then, once again,  
The great, far-seeing Mind the need repaired,  
And issued the command: “*Let there be sound.*”  
Then, at the word, this soundless world's extent  
Was filled with sudden music. The great Mind  
Was satisfied. The handiwork so vast  
Had now attained perfection. From the trees,  
A chorus rose that reached to heights sublime—  
The birds the first musicians were—alone  
With them remains the secret of their song  
Throughout the cycle of the centuries.  
Then, from the brooks and rivulets, there came  
A lilting melody, with cadences  
And swift arpeggios that rose and fell  
And fell and rose in variations, each  
Of which was sweeter than the one before.  
The ocean, which before had sent its waves  
In silence deep to kiss the gleaming strand,  
Now added to the music of the sphere  
With harmony of deepest, richest tone—  
The varied scale began with deep-voiced notes  
That from the massive billows had their rise—  
Then lesser waves of higher tone—and yet  
Still higher pitch from little waves that curl,

And send exploring curves far up the beach,  
With liquid, lulling melody of sound.  
Like skilful fingers, running o'er a harp  
In soft accompaniment, a western breeze  
Played o'er the rustling, restless forest leaves,  
In minor notes with accents soft and sweet.  
Then, shifting to the north, the wind became  
Impetuous, pronounced, with crashing blasts  
Of sudden chords that formed a contrast strong  
To higher notes of bird and brook and wave.  
A massive background of voluminous tone  
Came from a mighty storm that smote the hills  
And valleys. First, the swaying, rhythmic beat  
Of raindrops came, with even cadences;  
Then, thicker, faster, hurrying notes, that fell  
In wild abandon as the storm increased,  
And spent itself in fury. Thunderous peals  
Came from the hills, and massive, heavy chords  
In quick succession made a wild duet  
Of wind and storm—a climax bold which shook  
The lowest depths and echoed from the heights.  
Then, the abatement came—with lessened force  
And lessened volume, died the heavy notes—  
Fainter and fainter grew the rolling peals—  
Slower and slower came the mighty chords—  
Caressing grew the fingers of the wind  
That swept the harp of forest leaves, until  
The high, melodious tones of birds were heard,  
Mingled with rippling murmurs from the brook.

Thus, was the first great symphony composed—  
The great Musician, with His knowledge vast  
Of ev'ry power of ev'ry instrument,  
Knew ev'ry possibility of tone—  
Knew each device of changing light and shade—  
Knew each effect of blending motives which,  
With variations endless, ne'er outgrow  
Our interest, our sympathy, our love.  
And poets, till the end of time will come,  
Will pen melodious verses that will tell,  
In varied rhyme and rhythm, how the earth  
Is linked to heaven forevermore by great  
Symphonic music which all nature plays,  
And which has taught man how to fashion his,  
Since long ago, from far away, there came  
That wondrous Voice that said, “*Let there be  
sound!*”

## Sonnet—Whispering Pines

**O** WHISPERING pines, what secrets do ye hold,  
Cradled within your rustling, fragrant sighs?  
What subtle charm within your murmur lies,  
Which poet long has felt—but left untold?  
Since time, through ages vast, its course has rolled,  
Sentinels have ye stood—or sages wise—  
Clad in the verdure of your woodland guise,  
Guarding with vigilance the forest wold.  
O whispering forest pines, to ye belong  
The mysteries of thought, of unsung song,  
Of higher hope than words can e'er express,  
Of deeper love than tongue can e'er confess,  
And Fancy, through your boughs, fair dreams entwines  
Of hope—ambition—love—O whispering pines !

## Dawn

**S**LEEPING, the city lies. A veil of gray,  
Dropped from some distant height,  
Jeweled with gems of night,  
Rests on the quiet streets and slumb'ring bay.

Low in the east, on the horizon far,  
Steals a transforming glow,  
Rising from depths below,  
Dimming the radiance of moon and star.

Broader the eastern glow—faint rose-tints, pale,  
    Harbingers of the day,  
    Earthward now steal their way,  
Lifting with gentle touch night's dusky veil.

A great, pulsating throb—the city wakes—  
    Its mighty heart responds  
    To Nature's call. From bonds  
Of sleep 'tis freed ! Dawn on the city breaks !

### To "The Mayflower," 1620

O LITTLE ship, what burden didst thou bear  
    Of fearless hearts and true, that sought afar  
The country of their dreams, a New World fair,  
    'Neath Freedom's star ?

What unknown perils didst thou boldly brave  
    When, like fierce birds of prey, the storm-clouds  
        dark  
Hovered o'er turbulence of wind and wave,  
    O fragile bark ?

O Ship of Destiny ! The souls that sought  
    The shelt'ring shores of this, our mighty land,  
Made e'en thy mem'ry dear, O ship that brought  
    That Pilgrim band !

## Goodnight, Sweetheart

**G**OODNIGHT, sweetheart ! Fond dreams ! The day is done,  
And in its breast,  
The deep, deep west  
Has cradled far from sight the golden sun.  
Nothing is stirring save a tiny breeze,  
That, passing like a dream o'er land and seas,  
Lulls them to rest.  
The great night-lamp has shed its silver light  
Over the sleeping world. Sweetheart, goodnight !

Awake, sweetheart ! Night's shadows westward fly !  
There softly glows  
A tint of rose—  
The dawn's first blush—throughout the eastern sky.  
Fresh voices of the dawn are calling thee—  
The song from feathered throats—the hum of bee—  
A west wind blows,  
Raising a rippling laugh upon the lake—  
Sunlight was made for thee—sweetheart, awake !

### A Pot of Gold

**I**N some forgotten book—some childhood's friend—  
A tale I read—the name has slipped my mind—  
That he who travels to the rainbow's end  
    A pot of gold will find.

And many a child, in wonder at the tale,  
    Has planned within its childish mind to rove,  
Until, somewhere beyond the hill and dale,  
    It finds the treasure trove.

What pot of gold seek'st thou ? Perhaps for thee,  
    The mystic spot holds lure of wealth untold—  
Perhaps the riches vast of Araby  
    Are in thy pot of gold.

Perhaps thou seekest at the rainbow's end  
    Ambition with its cherished hope of power—  
Or fame and all its glittering splendors lend  
    The interest of thine hour.

Perhaps the vain, unsatisfying race  
    For pleasure, the elusive, calls thee far  
And wide, to search with eager, hurrying pace  
    To find the fabled jar.

If, after years of search, O seeker bold,  
Thou couldst at last that hidden pathway win,  
And, at its end, couldst find the pot of gold—  
    What wouldest thou find therein ?

He, whom, in quest of wealth, no peril daunts,  
    A modern Midas, at the goal will find  
A grinning skull, a hollow laugh that taunts  
    The anguish of his mind.

What prize rewards the search of him who pines  
    For power, the summit of ambition's height ?  
A broken sword—a rusted pen—the signs  
    Of power's waning might !

He who beyond the rainbow's path has sought  
    The laurel wreath of fame—whose mind conceives  
No higher prize than this—will find there naught  
    But withered, faded leaves.

If selfish love of pleasure's whirling maze  
    Attracts him, he will find, to end his quest,  
A mirror which reflects unto his gaze  
    The god he served the best.

But, thou mayst ask—is there no pot of gold ?  
    No fabled treasure at the rainbow's end ?  
No prize for errant seekers to behold,  
    Whose footsteps thither wend ?

He who with happy heart goes on his way,  
Seeking no prize beyond the rainbow's path,  
Reaps his reward throughout his life each day,  
Not as an aftermath.

The rainbow path is full of beauties fair—  
But if afar are strained thine eager eyes  
Upon some spot with mystic treasure rare,  
Thou 'lt miss what near thee lies.

The rainbow path is *Life*. If thou wouldst wait  
Till Life is o'er, no pot of gold thou 'lt find—  
But if thou searchest ere it is too late,  
Thy path is with it lined !

Let glorious joy of living fill each day—  
Think not of gains which future days may hold—  
For, if thou wilt, thou 'lt find along thy way,  
Each day, a pot of gold.

## A String of Pearls

*To L. A. S., upon the completion of twenty-five years of service and helpfulness to others.*

ACH year, from north to south, from clime to clime,  
Throughout a cycle vast, old Father Time  
Travels abroad his great dominion o'er,  
Which lies from sea to sea, from shore to shore.  
Sometimes, the violet her scepter wields,  
Next, does the modest daisy rule the fields,  
Still later, does the rose her kingdom keep,  
Else, 'tis the poppy with her draught of sleep.  
Sometimes, the goldenrod rules all below,  
Or holly berries, peeping through the snow,  
Remind us that our Father Time at last  
Has traveled through his mighty cycle vast.  
Somewhere, within his course, from clime to clime,  
In passing o'er the earth, old Father Time,  
Into our hands, outstretching for the prize,  
A pearl lets fall, a gift both great and wise.  
Mortals of earth the name of *Years* bestow  
Upon these pearls that fall to earth below.  
These pearls are ours, to polish ill or well—  
To leave them dull and dim as when they fell,  
Or else endeavor with incessant care  
To make each pearl a gem of beauty rare.

Twelve months upon each pearl our work complete;  
When they have passed, no skill, no art, no feat  
Can perfect make what then remains undone,  
Can beautify a dull, discolored one.  
Thus, we accept these pearls from age to age,  
And, passing to and fro upon life's stage,  
With ease and pride, or doubts, distrust, and fears,  
We polish—or neglect—the pearls, called *Years*.

If Father Time to us to-day should come  
To view the gems entrusted to us, some  
Of us with sad remorse and shame and woe  
Would seek to hide our pearls, because we know  
Of blemishes that mar their surface fair,  
Of sad discolorations which are there.  
Some of us, if he came to us to-day,  
Would timidly our strings of pearls display,  
Which, although filled with imperfections few,  
Are fair results of efforts, brave and true,  
With dull, imperfect tools, with which we've done  
The best we could on each and every one.  
If Father Time should come to us to-day,  
One string of pearls is here, whose bright array  
Contains along its shining length, a row  
Of *Twenty-five* that gleam as white as snow.  
And Father Time, pleased with their beauty rare,  
Would say while gazing on these pearls so fair:  
“These *Twenty-five*, which last to thee I gave,  
Are beautiful; thine efforts, true and brave.  
Lives which a contact with these gems have known

Have benefit derived, which thou hast sown.  
All who have gazed upon their beauty real  
Have turned unto their own with doubled zeal,  
And many a pearl is now more fair to see  
Because its owner has been helped by thee.  
May many more be added to this row  
As lovely as the gems thou here dost show.  
May each new pearl that comes, for thee increase  
The happiness that dwells alone with peace.  
May each new pearl that on the string is drawn  
Bring blessings to thee, from each dawn to dawn—  
Bring to thee all that heaven and earth bestow  
Of gifts that make of life a heaven below!"

### The Sea of Dreams

**D**RIFTING ! We know not whither—only drifting,  
With idle oars and thoughts. We little know  
What shoals ahead their dangerous reefs are lifting,  
To bar our progress as we onward go.  
Drifting ! The very word has music in it—  
A rest to weary soul and sense it seems—  
'Twixt us and distant lands, lies but a minute,  
When we embark upon the Sea of Dreams.

O Sea of Dreams ! Majestic domes and towers  
Rise from that realm across thee, far and fair—  
'Tis Morpheus, with his key of magic powers,  
Who guards the Land of Castles in the Air.  
His scepter is a poppy, dream-promoting,  
Which o'er the Sea of Dreams its incense throws—  
The murmurs of the sea o'er which we're floating  
Are full of music, lulling to repose.

O Sea of Dreams ! Stretch on ! To earthly mortals,  
Thy waters are a refuge. When we drift  
Across thy billows to those guarded portals,  
We leave dull care behind us; and we lift  
Our eyes to shadowy castles in the distance,  
Touched lightly by the sun with rosy beams;  
Far in our wake, lies every-day existence,  
Lost in the waters of the Sea of Dreams !

## May

**T**IS May—the tears from April's eyes  
Fell not in vain,  
But coaxed fair Spring her radiant guise  
To don again.

'Tis May—the zephyr soft that blows  
From southern lands  
Brings messages that each bud knows  
And understands.

'Tis May—and from the heavens blue,  
The sun's caress  
Wakes in the dear old earth anew  
Spring's loveliness.

### The Secret of the Breeze

**A** N errant breeze, on a still May night,  
Found that rest was all in vain,  
So it sought delight  
In a midnight flight  
O'er the slumb'ring wood and plain.

As the east grew rosy, the breeze in glee  
Whispered soft to a bee in flight,  
“Come and fly with me,  
And a secret see  
That I stole from the woods last night !”

Together, they sped over hills and leas,  
To the wood-nymphs’ cool domain—  
To the stately trees  
Laughed the mocking breeze,  
“Your secret you guard in vain !”

They softly stole through the woodland scene,  
Till the breeze, with a laugh jocose,  
Raised a veil of green,  
'Neath which leafy screen,  
Blushed the summer's first-blown rose !

## Sunset Along the Coast

## A STUDY IN TINTS.

SUNSET along the coast—the glorious west  
Is like a mighty canvas, where some hand,  
With lavish prodigality and zest,  
Has flung the richest tints at its command.  
The sea is quiet. On its broad expanse,  
Far eastward, lies a tiny sail, aflame  
With rosy color from the sun's last glance,  
Before the western deeps his glory claim.  
A mellow, filmy haze has settled low  
On sea and land. Its soft, transforming charm  
Has lent a witchery of golden glow  
Like a magician's vapors. From the arm  
Of each caressing wave that seeks the shore,  
Jewels are cast of thousand gleaming hues—  
The wave recedes, but soon returns with more  
And lovelier gems to deck the strand it woos.

O closing Day, O swift departing guest,  
What hast thou given me ?  
Thou stay'st not for entreaty or behest—  
What have I given thee ?

Longer the shadows grow. The western tints  
Of richest tone are fading. Slowly die  
The brilliant reds which, but a moment since,  
Made glorious riot in the western sky.  
Lower has sunk the sun. The palest pink  
Illuminates the western clouds with rose  
Of faintest hue. The moments few that link  
The day with night are drawing to a close.  
Still lower sinks the sun—a moment more—  
'Tis gone from view ! Slowly the golden haze  
Is dimming now. The sail beyond the shore  
Is now a spot of sombre, blended grays.  
Dulled are the jewels on the wave-kissed strand—  
Only one cloud is edged with pink—the last  
Faint tint—now it has left. From sea and land,  
Gone is the light. Westward, the Day has passed.

O Day that's gone ! A memory art thou !  
What hast thou left with me ?  
The long, long Past has claimed thy glories now—  
What have I sent with thee ?

Day's sister, dark-browed Night, is on her way;  
Already are her robes of sable hue  
Casting faint shadows of transparent gray  
That fall like veils across the heavens blue.  
The little sail on the horizon far  
Dimmer has grown, until the gath'ring folds  
Of darkness hide it now. The Evening Star

Heralds the dusky goddess, Night, who holds  
Our dreams within the hollow of her hand.

Attended by her twin-nymphs, Rest and Sleep,  
Nearer she draws, and over sea and land,

Soon will she cast her spell of slumber deep.  
Across the sea, a moonlight path connects  
The far horizon with the shore; the gleam  
Falls from Night's golden lamp. The sea reflects  
The spangles of her robe. Night reigns supreme.

O Day to come, what hold'st thou in thy scope ?  
What wilt thou bring to me ?  
What shall I give of faith and trust and hope,  
O future Day, to thee ?

If

**I**F thou wert a star, 'mid the gems of the night,  
And I were a wave of the sea,  
On my bosom, I'd cherish thine image so bright,  
And pray that the day with its sun-given light  
Long delayed in its coming might be—

If thou wert a star  
In the heavens afar,  
And I were a wave of the sea.

If thou wert a bee, of June honey in quest,  
And I were a blossoming rose,  
The richest of nectar, the sweetest, the best,  
For thee I would treasure, and lull thee to rest  
In the fragrance my petals enclose—  
If, 'neath a June sky,  
Sweetheart mine, thou and I  
Were a bee and a blossoming rose.

### Just Thee

**W**HAT do I ask of life, sweetheart ? Just thee—  
For to me, thou art joy and life and love;  
The light of day is in thy smile; I see,  
    Reflected in thy glance, the stars above.  
The thought of thee is like a breath that springs—  
    Fresh from some pine-clad hill, or from the sea—  
Hope, inspiration to my heart it brings—  
    Could life give more, I ask, than love of thee?

What do I ask of heav'n, sweetheart ? Just thee—  
    For thou art heav'n and peace and calm content—  
My love for thee—the best that lives in me—  
    My soul's desires to higher realms has sent.  
To know thee, is to feel a wondrous light  
    Flooding one's soul, and causing it to see  
Life's drama with a clearer-visioned sight—  
    Could heav'n give more, I ask, than love of thee?

### Sonnet—To Arthur Pryor

**T**HY soul must be a garden of sweet sounds,  
    Where thy imagination, like a breeze,  
Plays o'er the flowers and gently moving trees,  
    And lo ! a wealth of glorious tone abounds.

Thy notes, a revelation which expounds  
The high perfection of thine art, appease  
The soul's desire for beauteous melodies,  
When deep, majestic, sweet, thy tone resounds.  
O wizard of sweet sounds ! Long may thine art  
Continue to inspire this world of ours  
With melodies which, oft-heard, sweeter grow ;  
For when thou play'st at will upon the heart  
Of man, with all the magic of thy powers,  
Thou bring'st a bit of heaven to earth below.

### Ballade Egyptian

*Suggested by Arthur Pryor's "Egyptian Love Dance," and adapted to the music of the same.*

**F**AR across the vast desert sands,  
Lies the pearl of the Orient lands—  
Land where palm-trees serenely  
Wave in majesty queenly,  
Green-hued,  
Breeze-wooed—  
Where the lonely Sphinx in baffling mystery stands.

There, the sacred Nile onward flows,  
O'er its cataracts leaping goes  
Through nyanza and fountain,  
Winds o'er desert and mountain,  
Curving,  
Swerving—  
Where the lotus blooms—Egyptian rose.

Land where Cleopatra, the glorious,  
Ruled all hearts with witch'ry victorious—  
    Where the slender obelisks on high  
        Upward tower,  
        Full of subtle, mystic power—  
Where the sand-swept desert is broken  
Oft by massive pyramids, token  
    That within, entombed, there lie  
        Dynasties of days gone by.

There, Osiris and Isis great  
Long were worshiped with pomp and state ;  
    There, in temples, dim-lighted,  
        Mystic rites were recited,  
        Off'ring,  
        Proff'ring  
Sacrifice to heathen gods insatiate.

Far across the Sahara sand,  
Fiery hearts glow, with ardor fanned,  
    There, of Orient description,  
        Reigns the “Love Dance Egyptian”—  
        Yearning,  
        Burning  
Passion of the far Orient land !

### Cupid's Revenge

**O**NCE, Cupid grew jealous. In spite of his birth  
And estate as a god, had malevolence seized him;  
From Olympus he stole, and descended to earth  
To punish a Mortal whose charms had displeased him.

But the Mortal was modest, and thought it a joke  
That envy the heart of a god should e'er harrow—  
“Run back to the clouds”—’twas the Mortal that  
spoke—  
“Like a good boy, and play with your bow and your  
arrow!”

Then Cupid in vengeance an arrow let fly—  
'Twas a plan of revenge both effective and simple—  
But alas for results! He had aimed it too high—  
Cupid called it a scar—mortals call it—a dimple!

### To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*The divine faculty is to see what everybody can  
look at.*—James Russell Lowell.

**O**POET seer, what didst thou, gazing, see  
That lies too deep for aught but visioned  
eyes?  
The glimpses thou didst gain of Paradise  
Thou gavest to the world with bounty free.

O singer sweet, what didst thou, list'ning, hear,  
What whisperings, by naught but genius heard?  
'Twas by celestial sounds thy heart was stirred  
To pour the beauty forth that men revere.

O Longfellow! Thy mighty gifts were great—  
'Tis mighty use of them that thou hast made—  
The laurel thou hast won will never fade,  
While hearts to thee their tribute dedicate!

### Sonnet—To Friendship

**Y**OU ask, O friend, what friendship means to me—  
Friendship to me is like a full-blown rose,  
Which gladly o'er the world its fragrance throws,  
Asking no recompense for bounty free.  
Friendship, O friend, to me is like the sea,  
Whose constant, steadfast wave unceasing flows—  
Friendship to me is like a star that glows  
In highest heaven—yet smiles on hill and lea!  
What would life be without its friendships rare?  
Like flowers they bloom, as fresh and sweet and fair—  
The stars of life are they, that lift our souls  
To loftier ideals, to higher goals.  
Like waves, they are the music of life's sea—  
All this, O friend, thy friendship is to me!

### When Fields Are Green

**K**NOW'ST thou the time when the summer's hue  
Gladdens the world—when the skies of blue  
Bend o'er the earth with warm smiles to woo  
The wakened Nature-queen?  
When Earth from her winter's sleep has stirred,  
And hum of bee and the song of bird  
Through the lanes and woodland groves are heard?  
'Tis when the fields are green.

Know'st thou the time when the summer breeze  
Whispers its song to the blossomed trees,  
Bearing their fragrance across the seas?  
When in the sky, serene,  
The summer moon in its distant height  
Travels its course through the still June night,  
Flooding the fields with its silver light?  
'Tis when the fields are green.

Know'st thou the time when our hearts, like flowers,  
Responding to the bewitching powers  
Of Nature, gay in her summer hours,  
Awake, and beat in tune  
With Nature, throughout her time of play?  
It is, when the snows of yesterday  
Forgotten are, that our hearts are gay—  
When green the fields of June.

## Life

**T**WAS night. The bivouac, quiet lying,  
Was wrapped in dreams. A zephyr, sighing  
Its song of love to tree and flower,  
Sentinel of the midnight hour,  
Alone was stirring with the suing,  
Whispering music of its wooing.  
I slept. My soul, its cares forsaking,  
Beheld a scene of Fancy's making—  
A realm o'er which the sunbeam lingers,  
Touching with warm, caressing fingers  
Its valleys with their deep-hued mosses—  
Its fields which Nature's touch embosses  
With flower and fern—its hills, abounding  
With groves, where melodies, resounding,  
Speak of their feathered tenants. Gazing,  
Mine eyes beheld far summits, raising  
Their towering heads where white snows drifted—  
A scene to thrill one's soul, uplifted—  
Scene of my youth, which memory treasured,  
A gem of priceless worth unmeasured.  
Roving, my dream-blest fancy wandered  
Adown these vision-valleys—pondered  
On days when Youth and Love, light-hearted,  
Were mine—but from my dream I started—

Gone was the scene, the vision vanished—  
'Twas the reveillé that had banished  
The cherished dream to realms far distant,  
And roused me with its call insistent.

I slept, and dreamed that Life was Beauty;  
I woke, and found that Life was Duty.

Years passed. Peace, like a white-robed maiden,  
Dwelt in our land—a land now laden  
With store of glorious promise, shedding  
Abroad its hope, its glory spreading.  
Once, lost 'mid spell of Fancy's power,  
I dreamed: again the war-clouds lower—  
Again war's tocsin flings its warning  
Alarm, that through a bright-hued morning,  
Casts knell of dread prognostication  
Of future days of desolation.  
Again, I lived through war's red hour—  
Again, felt war's compelling power  
O'er heart-strings rudely wrenched asunder,  
'Mid grim artillery's grimmer thunder.  
Then slowly through my dream of battle,  
Of cannon's roar, and muskets' rattle,  
A sound there softly stole, dispelling  
The scene of war, its horrors quelling.  
From ivy-covered belfry tower,  
Rang summons of the matin hour,  
Announcing that, from heaven's portals,

A new day dawned—God's gift to mortals.  
Again—now, not in dreams, but waking—  
Once more I saw the sunlight, breaking  
O'er fields where—errant summer rover!—  
The bee sought nectar of the clover.  
Beyond, lay fragrant pine-groves, flinging  
Their incense to the skies, and ringing  
With lyric notes. With dull blues tinted,  
Far peaks their rugged outlines printed  
Against a bluer sky, whose glory  
Showed in relief their summits hoary.  
Dropped from my soul the dream's illusion—  
Passed from my heart war's wild confusion—  
War! 'Twas a memory, slowly fading  
Down thought's long vista, and invading  
Dreams—only dreams. A world Elysian  
Dawned on my waking soul and vision.

I slept, and dreamed that Life was Duty;  
I woke, and found that Life was Beauty!

*Acknowledgements to F. B. S.*

### A Valentine

I LOVE you, dear! What more can poet say  
Than these four words, which, since creation's  
birth,

Have been the motive of the poet's lay,  
And made a heaven here below on earth?

Search as you will, o'er foreign lands and seas,  
Pore over tomes of learning, sage and drear—  
There are no words on earth compared with these,  
And that is why I say—I love you, dear!

### To a Butterfly

O BUTTERFLY, thou flower that's taken flight!  
Why didst thou come  
Far from thy woodland haunts of calm delight,  
To seek the hum  
And roar and bustle of a city's life?  
Dost thou not sigh  
To know once more thy fields with flowers rife,  
O butterfly?

Perhaps some zephyr, blowing o'er a tree  
With blossoms wreathed,  
Happened one bud of sweetest grace to see,  
And quickly breathed  
The breath of life into its petal-wings  
Of rainbow dye,

Creating thus a theme the poet sings—  
A butterfly!

Stay with us, stay, if but a few short hours!  
Thou bring'st a dream  
Unto the city street of fields of flowers,  
And mak'st it seem  
That Nature, with her most caressing wile,  
In passing by,  
Had dropped upon the street her sweetest smile—  
A butterfly!

### First Love

O FIRST love, with its fancies and its dreams!  
O first love, with its tears and laughter light!  
Comes e'er a love to later years which seems  
So fraught with promise and with hope so bright?  
  
Wouldst know the sun's first love? Yon summit high,  
Lifting her queenly head the world above,  
While earth and sea still wrapped in slumber lie,  
Welcomes the sun's first kiss and smile of love.  
  
The May-buds love the wooing breeze that sings  
Of other lands and skies far in the west;  
The hillside loves the violet which clings  
Close in the refuge of its shelt'ring breast.  
  
The dawn first loves a fleecy cloud of white  
That waits his advent in the eastern sky,

And blushes rosy at his glance. The night  
Woos first the evening star, serene on high.

Upon its love, the strand, the wave bestows  
The jewels of its treasure-house, the sea ;  
To June's warm smile, responds its first-blown rose ;  
The clover, to the wooing of the bee.

Thou cam'st to me, O thou first love of mine,  
As sunlight to the world, with wak'ning thrill—  
A vision to my heart—a dream divine—  
First love and last, 'tis there thou ling'rest still !

### A Wish

THE poets long have sung in varied verse  
How April showers bring forth the flowers of  
May—

Nor will I now again the tale rehearse,  
But send thee just a wish on this, thy day.

I would not wish thy life from showers free—  
The flowers of May depend on April's rain—  
The blossoms of the Spring not long would be  
The keynote, struck in Nature's Spring refrain.

For thee, my wish would be: May showers fall  
Enough upon thy life to make thy May  
A glorious wealth of bloom and promise! All  
Of this—and more—I wish for thee to-day!

## Sonnet—The Statue of Liberty

O THOU great statue at our country's gate,  
Guarding the greatness of our nation's name,  
Guarding the greatness of our nation's fame,  
Thou art the symbol which our mighty state,  
Proud of its past, with victory elate,  
High in ambition and in ev'ry aim,  
Lofty in purpose, in ideals the same,  
Has chosen as the emblem of its fate.  
Guarding the greatness of our nation's fame,  
In Liberty, for which thou standest, lies  
Our nation's greatest power, its greatest prize.  
The Liberty for which our fathers fought,  
And nobly won, and wisely kept. They sought  
Freedom for Freedom's sake, and then bequeathed  
To us the spirit that in them had breathed.

Thou hold'st aloft within thine upstretched hand,  
Extended high toward heaven, a noble light,  
Symbol eternal that the gloom of night  
With hosts of ignorance at its command  
No refuge finds within our glorious land—  
A land whose wide-spread fame and honored might  
Rest in its Freedom and its power of right—  
Long may its fame on these foundations stand!

O Liberty! What do those steadfast eyes  
See in the future that before us lies?  
We pray that it be not mere boast of power,  
Sent to enhance a brief triumphal hour,  
But that the Liberty, by thee expressed,  
Shall reign from north to south, from east to west!

### A Summer Idyl

**T**HE wind and the dew loved the rose. Rivals keen,  
Each one sued for the love of the garden's sweet  
queen—  
Each one promised her constancy, tenderness, love,  
That lasting would be as the heavens above.  
“Love but me!” each one cried,  
But the rose gently sighed—  
In her heart, was no love for the wind or the dew—  
For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

“Be my bride!” cried the dew. “O'er thy petals' soft  
glow,  
The most priceless gems of the kingdom I'll throw;  
I'll adorn thee with jewels and diamonds bright  
That will rival the stars of a still summer night.”  
But the rose gently swayed  
On her stem. Not afraid  
Was she of the lure of the gems of the dew—  
For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

“Be my bride!” cried the wind. “At thy heart let me rest,

And thy glory I’ll spread from the east to the west,  
For afar I shall waft that sweet fragrance of thine  
From the groves of the south to the land of the pine.”

But her secret she kept,

And a bee, which had crept

Near her heart, felt no heart-throb for wind or for  
dew—

For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

So the wind and the dew hopeless grew—fickle pair!—  
For the lily soon smiled on the king of the air,

And the violet was won, ere the next summer’s glow,  
By the promise of gems which the dew could bestow.

But the rose bloomed serene,

Still of flowers, the queen—

To the sun-god, enshrined in her heart, she was true—  
For the rose loved the sun—though the sun never knew.

## To Marguerite

JUST “Irish point”—a dainty bit!—  
Is Marguerite;  
The “point” is oft her sparkling wit—  
Straightway into your heart she’d flit—  
    This Marguerite,  
    With smile so sweet.

I wonder why, of all the year,  
    This Marguerite  
Chose old October’s days so drear—  
Could she have planned the month to cheer  
    With sunlight sweet?  
    Wise Marguerite!

October’s dainty maid! A toast  
    To Marguerite:  
May old Dame Fortune send a host  
Of blessings that will please her most—  
    To this petite  
    Sweet Marguerite!

## The Advent of Spring

**W**HEN grim King Winter, with his chill commands,  
Northward has traveled with his court of snow,  
There comes to take his place, from southern lands,  
A gentle queen, called Spring, fair and aglow  
With youth and beauty. In her retinue,  
Are youths and maidens, who, at her behest,  
Cast witching spells throughout the land, to woo  
Nature from her long sleep and winter's rest.  
First, to her side, Spring calls a winsome maid,  
April, a fair coquette, and bids her go  
To ev'ry meadow, hill, and shady glade,  
And lay aside the coverlet of snow  
'Neath which a world of flowers in slumber lies—  
April obeys, and 'neath her sunny smiles  
And coaxing tears, the violets' blue eyes  
From tranquil winter slumber she beguiles.  
Next, to a bed of dreaming daffodils,  
Quickly she runs, and wakes them from their sleep;  
Tulips and jonquils with her call she thrills—  
The crocus wakens from her slumber deep.  
Then to her side, the Spring queen summons now  
Another lovely maid—'tis gentle May—  
And sends her forth to wake on ev'ry bough

Buds that will clothe the trees in glad array.  
May throws a soft green mantle o'er the land—  
    Wakes the arbutus on the hillside steep—  
No bud or blossom can her call withstand—  
    The hawthorn berries from their shelter peep.  
Next, Spring calls June, a maid with glorious smiles,  
    Upon whose face a radiant beauty glows,  
And bids her wake, with her most witching wiles,  
    The queen of flowers, the perfume-laden rose.  
Next, wakes the poppy with its magic spell  
    And charm of slumber—'tis the crimson flower  
Beloved by Morpheus, God of Dreams. Each dell,  
    Each valley, hillside, each sequestered bower,  
Has waked to life and radiant, flushing bloom—  
    Thus comes the Spring queen, who, with potent  
        powers,  
Reclaims the sad old Earth from winter's gloom,  
    And summons the awak'ning of the flowers.

## Twilight

**T**WILIGHT descending,  
Sunset hues blending,  
Sun its way wending  
Far to the west;  
Only a crescent pale  
Now dots the azure veil,  
Stretching o'er hill and dale—  
All is at rest.

Curfew bell ringing—  
Birds homeward winging—  
Fisherman bringing  
    Nets from the bay.  
Flowers begin to nod—  
Morpheus, the dreamy god,  
Raising his magic rod,  
“Sleep!” seems to say.

Sadness and sorrow  
Come with the morrow;  
We cannot borrow  
    Days that are spent.  
“Make the next day,” we pray,  
“Nobler in ev’ry way—  
Soon ’twill be yesterday—  
    Must we repent?”

Day with its sighing,  
Failing, and trying,  
Slowly is dying,  
    While, to the shore,  
Comes a voice o’er the sea,  
“Gone is to-day from thee,  
Gone to Eternity,  
    Forevermore!”

## The Knight of Modern Days

### A TOAST.

**A**T old King Arthur's table, years ago,  
When fiery hearts 'neath coats of mail did glow—  
When clanking swords marked off the passing hour  
Of days when gallant knighthood was in flower—  
There was a custom, held as sacred, pure,  
As knighthood's vows within their hearts secure.  
When merriment, presiding o'er the scene,  
Had dominated all, and reigned supreme,  
When flowing wine loosed silent tongues to speech,  
'Twas thus the honored custom ran, that each  
And ev'ry knight should voice his favorite boast,  
And rising, glass on high, should pledge a toast.  
The Past now claims those days beyond recall—  
Like ivy on an old-world castle wall,  
Still clings fond memory to those days of yore,  
Though faded is their pride, their glory o'er.  
Gone is that golden age—yet something still,  
Besides its memory, remains to thrill  
Our hearts with chivalry's romantic sway—  
Though past the age, its spirit breathes to-day.

A toast to thee, O knight of modern days!  
Thou rid'st not forth on charging steed, to raise  
Thy standard as Crusader did of old,  
In armor clad, with dauntless bearing bold.  
Thou bear'st not panoply of sword and shield  
And lance—weapons of old thou dost not wield  
In warfare fierce. Thou tak'st no sacred vow  
Of chivalry. A modern knight art thou!  
Thine armor is the armor of thine heart—  
Donned ever, of thine inmost soul a part—  
Armor of courage, virtue, by thee worn  
As mail by visored knight of old was borne.  
Thy shield is truth. Thine arms, of power untold,  
More potent are than sword and lance of old—  
Keen scorn of aught that fails to reach the height  
Where upward towers thy mighty standard, Right.  
Thy heart's allegiance is not sworn to kings,  
But to thine ideals, which aloft on wings  
Soar ever upward to that distant clime,  
Reached only by ideals and aims sublime.

O knight of modern days, equipped art thou  
For tournament of life. Upon thy brow,  
Valor is boldly written. In thine eyes,  
Thine honesty of soul and spirit lies.  
Keep thou thy dreams. Keep thou thy pure ideals  
Of life; visions there are for him who feels  
That earth's horizon does not mark his goal—

'Tis to the stars of heaven that his soul  
Is lifted, and their inspiration fills  
His heart with dreams, his soul with genius thrills.

Chivalry is not dead, nor does it sleep  
So long as thou, O modern knight, dost keep  
Thy vigil o'er thy word and thought and deed—  
Thy loyalty unswerving to thy creed—  
So long as thou dost guard thy heart from stain,  
Unsullied, pure, will chivalry remain—  
And may thy knighthood e'er thy glory be—  
My toast, O knight of modern days, to thee!

## Sonnet—To a Bird of Passage

O BIRD of Passage, that unto my heart  
Hast brought a vision of a realm that lies  
Distant and dim as dreams of Paradise,  
Yet fair enough to seem of heaven a part—  
Didst follow in thy pilgrimage some chart,  
Planned by a mind Divine, which, in its wise  
Forethought, caused me from earth to lift mine eyes  
On high, where thou, O Bird of Passage, art?  
Deep in the garden of my heart, hast thou,  
In passing, dropped a wondrous seed, which now,  
Warmed by the sun of life and fed by shower,  
Waked by the thrill of life, has bloomed. The flower  
Pours through my soul its fragrance, wide and free—  
Rises that fragrance, Bird aloft, to thee?

## April—Her Moods

**A** LOWERING sky of gray-hued clouds,  
Whose sullen frown the sunshine shrouds—  
Damp leaves that toss with restless fling—  
A bird forlorn that dares not sing—  
A sombre sea whose dull refrain  
Echoes afar—a splash of rain—  
A wind that whispers naught of cheer,  
But hints that Winter still is near—  
I fell asleep, 'twas all so drear  
With sighs of April's sadness.

Blue sky, in which soft clouds of white  
Bask lazily in sunshine bright—  
A sparkling sea whose dreamy sighs  
Fall soft as cadenced lullabies.  
Zephyrs, mild harbingers of Spring—  
From treetops, lyric notes that sing  
Of April when her mood beguiles—  
Of April in her witching wiles—  
I woke—who could resist her smiles—  
The smiles of April's gladness?

### A Dream

**N**IIGHT, like a bird with its wings stretched far,  
    Spread from the east to the west;  
Under the glimmer of moon and star,  
    Slumbered the world, at rest.  
High o'er the quiet sea and land,  
    Forth from the darkness vast,  
O'er fertile plain and the desert sand,  
    Silent, the dream-ship passed.

High at the prow, stood the angel guide—  
    Giver of dreams is she—  
Guiding the ship o'er the mystic tide,  
    Tide of Oblivion's Sea.  
Poppies the dream-ship bears, which grow  
    Close by dark Lethe's stream;  
Softly, she drops them to earth below,  
    Each with a hidden dream.

Softly, they fall, and their dreams unfold—  
    Visions they are, which bring

Smiles to the faces of young and old—  
Visions, whose mem'ries cling  
After the ship with its magic spell  
Fades in the sun's first beam—  
Close at my side, such a dream-flower fell,  
Deep in my heart, a dream :

Slowly, the curtain of dream-clouds white  
Parted. Its folds revealed  
One from some far Olympian height,  
From some Elysian field.  
Clad in a soft, transparent guise,  
Shadowy, dim, stood she ;  
Fixed on some retrospect, her eyes  
Seemed but the Past to see.

Softly, a voice like an echoed sigh  
Spoke : "From the Past's domains,  
Come I, the Spirit of Days Gone By,  
Bearing from Old World plains  
Rosemary, culled for remembrance sweet,  
Blue as the skies of May—  
Only in dreams do I mortals meet—  
I am called *Yesterday*.

“Safe in this casket I bear, there rest  
    Memories, long since spent,  
Memories, gathered from east, from west,  
    Claimed by the Past, and sent  
Only in dreams to the world, when Night  
    Hovers her vast realms o’er—  
Touched by the Dawn’s soft fingers light,  
    Fade they forevermore.”

Gently, a cloud o’er the vision fell,  
    Hiding from view her face;  
Far in the distancee, a soft “Farewell”  
    Echoed through endless space.  
“Stay!” I entreated. “One moment stay!  
    Deep in thy casket, lie  
Memories dear of a yesterday,  
    Too sweet to fade and die!

“Stay!” but too late was my vain request—  
    Useless my vain command—  
Silently now had my gray-robed guest  
    Entered her shadowed land.  
Saddened, I mourned o’er her loss, when, lo!  
    Close at my side, there smiled,  
Radiant, a figure with life aglow—  
    Angel, to earth beguiled.

Not like a dream-vision, dim and blurred,  
Shadowy, indistinct—  
But by a glorious life-thrill stirred,  
Seemed she the bond that linked  
Mortals below with some angel-race,  
Joined by some mystic tie—  
Slowly her steps did she toward me trace,  
Speaking—“*To-day* am I.

“I am the Present. Each day, to thee,  
Come I, a gift to bear—  
Thou alone, judge of its use must be,  
And of its value rare.  
'Tis *Opportunity* that I bring,  
And, when the gift is thine,  
'Tis thine to use, or aside to fling,  
Though 'tis a grant divine.

“Thou of thy fate art the master sole—  
Thou o'er its course hold'st sway;  
'Tis not the future thou canst control,  
Only the present day.  
But 'tis the present wherein there lies  
Seed of Fate's future flower—  
Destiny, bearing its loss or prize,  
Springs from thy present hour.”

“Wouldst thou remain?” I implored. “Alone  
Stand I—the Past has sped  
Down the long vista of years, now grown  
Dim as our mem’ries, fled.”

“Knowest thou not that by thee I stand  
Ever? I am *To-day*—  
Slave of thy will, of thy least command,  
Ne’er from thy side I stray.

“Thou dost not always my nearness feel—  
Sometimes, my gifts dost lose—  
Wounds of the Past I have power to heal,  
Yet thou dost oft refuse  
Aid that I gladly would proffer thee;  
Turned to the earth, thine eyes  
Seldom have power my form to see,  
Clad in this mortal guise.”

Wond’ring, I pondered. When next my gaze  
Eagerly sought her face,  
Lo, there was naught but a filmy haze,  
Dimming the empty space!  
Slowly, there gathered a wondrous cloud,  
Tinged with a rose-like hue—  
Mystery deep did it seem to shroud,  
Hidden from mortal view.

Was it a dream that my fancy wove?

Was it a leaf that stirred?

Wand'ring afar, did some echo rove?

Was it a voice I heard?

Or, was the murmur of rustling air

Voicing the west wind's sighs?

"I am *Tomorrow*. 'Tis in my care,

Guarded, thy future lies.

"Mortals have never my features seen—

Seldom they hear me speak—

Dense is the cloud-veil that rests between—

Useless my face to seek.

Close at my side, rests a crystal sphere,

Whose limpid depths reveal,

Pictured in characters bold and clear,

Symbols the Fates unseal.

"Daughters of Time are we, who speed

'Twixt heaven and boundless space—

Seldom do mortals our presence heed,

Seldom our footsteps trace.

Guardians we of the massive glass

Through which the sands of Fate

Earthward with motion unceasing pass—

Destinies are their freight."

“Grant but one glimpse at thy crystal ball,  
Wherein my future rests!”  
Useless! Through naught but an empty hall,  
Echoed my vain behests.  
Might I but know—’twas an idle thought,  
Futile, the wish that spoke—  
Vain the regret with its longing fraught—  
In stole the dawn. I woke.

Daybreak had come with its smiles alight,  
Clouds with their rose-hues tipped—  
Visions and dreams of the vanished night  
Back to the past had slipped.  
Daybreak had come, with its life renewed,  
Breathing its matin song—  
Mysteries gray o’er the night that brood  
Only to night belong.

Was it a dream, or a vision, sent  
Earthward by unseen Power?  
Was it a dream, or a vision, lent  
Just for a fleeting hour?  
Angel of Dreams, in my heart secure,  
Deep rests the gift of thine,  
Flooding my soul with its radiance pure—  
E’er be its mem’ry mine!

## Class Song

**S**WIFTLY has the happy past  
From us fled;  
To a broader view at last,  
    We are led.  
School-days now we leave behind,  
And with strong and willing mind  
Seek the paths of truth which wind  
    Far ahead.

We may meet with heavy care  
    On the way;  
Skies may not be always fair,  
    But we'll say,  
“Ever toward perfection's height,”  
Till the summit is in sight,  
While our purpose gathers might  
    Day by day.

Hope will be a shining star  
Through the night,  
Urging us to peaks afar  
By its light.  
While we wiser, nobler grow,  
It will cheer us as we go,  
Making all our life below  
Glad and bright.

*Girls' High School,  
Brooklyn, New York*

## Reveries

**S**OMETIMES, at twilight, when the embers low  
Lend to the dying day their dusky glow,  
A dream-face rises—and the eyes are thine.

Sometimes, 'mid dimpling waves that curve and  
dance  
With laughter o'er the grim old sea's expanse,  
A dream-smile lingers—and the lips are thine.

Sometimes, when soft through fragrant pine-boughs,  
steals  
A melody that charms and soothes and heals,  
A dream-voice whispers—and the tones are  
thine.

DEC 31 1912







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 937 160 8